

HIGH LIFE
Published Semi-Monthly
by the Students of
Greensboro Senior High
School
Greensboro, N. C.
Founded by Class of 1921
Revived by the Spring Journalism
Class of 1937

Application for entry as second-class mat-
ter at Greensboro, N. C., low pending.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief Allice Darby
Associate Editor Reginald Starr
Make-Up Editor Barbara Bentley
Exchange Editor and Chief Typist Jane Winfrey
Make-Up of Page Four Eleanor Dare Taylor
Feature Editor Betty Hayes
Sports Editor Lewis Thornlow
Proofreader Aurcia Dunstan
Alumni Correspondent Jean Trimble
Circulation Manager Janet Cox
Assistant Typist Lucille Roseberry
Photographers Paul Ginnings, Purnell Kennedy

REPORTERS

Janet Cox, Aurcia Dunstan, Pat Fordham,
Sue Hall, Gloria Higginwood, James Hop-
kins, Martha Hornaday, Beverly Ann
Money, Annie Louise Patterson, Reginald
Starr, Eleanor Dare Taylor, Hope Thorn-
burg, Jean Trimble, Frances Winslow.

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager Irma Estes
Advertising Manager Rachael Whitehead

ADVERTISING AGENTS

Sue Hall, Jean Trimble, Janet Cox, Reginald
Starr, Betty Hayes, Eleanor Dare Taylor,
Barbara Bentley.

FACULTY ADVISERS

Editorial Mrs. Betts, Miss Pike
Financial Mr. Hucks



It was a fine gesture on the part of Gene
Krupa, Charlie Barnet, Dick Stabile, and
T. Dorsey to take turns leading Glen Miller's
band on the New York Paramount stage
when Glen was confined to the hospital with
la grippe. Krupa stole the show with his
mad drumming of "In the Mood."

Larry Clinton's "Study in Surrealism,"
an impressionistic Clinton jazz composition,
highlights some fine bass-thumping by Hank
Wayland and some equally good hot clarinet
and guitar solos. "Sunday," an oldie in
swing-time, is the platerrate.

Raymond Scott's latest ditty has a re-be-
expected screw-ball title, "Far From a Sub-
way in Ireland."

Artie's Back

As per the prediction of a few weeks ago,
Artie Shaw's return to the band fold will be
made via recordings, the young swing-mas-
ter having linked up a 32-piece "legitimate"
combination, including three trombones,
three trumpets, four saxs, piano, guitar,
string bass, drums, eight violins, three violas,
two cellos, flute, oboe, bass clarinet, French
horn, and Artie's clarinet. He'll wax for
Victor.

Will Bradley, one of the newer swing
crop, proves himself a comer with his jazz
version of "Hallelujah," featuring some nifty
drumming by Ray McKinley, late of the T.
Dorsey ranks. "Johnson Rag" a revived
jazz standard, is the backer-upper.

The most recent of Eddie Duchin's ar-
rangements in a slow, bounce-tempo number,
"Thunder in My Heart" written by Lou
Sherwood, of the Duchin band, highlighting
the famous Duchin piano effect and inter-
persed with a growl trumpet background.

Classical Recordings

Into the more serious side of music, we
come upon the recording Serge Koussevitzky
and the Boston Symphony Orchestra has
made of the Second Symphony of Beethoven.
It has been issued lately under Victor Set
No. 625.

"My Reverie" and "The Lamp Is Low,"
two of the most popular songs of last year,
were taken from Ravel's "Tavan for a Dead
Princess." Those who are curious about the
similarity of the two can see for themselves
if they get Gieseking's "Reverie," Columbia
17188 and Ravel's "Tavan," Victor 9306.

TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:
A GIRL FOR PRESIDENT! Impossible.
It takes a smart person to be a president
of the student body, and no girl is smart
enough to get elected, much less be able to
do the job IF they got in.
In the first place no girl could get elected,
while the attitude exists that does now. Girls
don't stick together, and the boys wouldn't
be governed by a femme. The girls would be
afraid Mary Jones got something they didn't
have, so they would scratch her to pieces
with their cat tail.
NO GIRL will ever be president of the
high school. A WISE BOY.
Semester 8.



Jean McAllister and the Sea Scouts spent
a recent week-end at High Rock, in order to
pass their holidays sailing. Wonder if they
had to shoveled snow off the sails? . . . Walker
Rucker learned that driving 30 miles per
hour in a 25 mile zone, minus a driver's
license, is no fun. Imagine his amazement
when he found out the car following him was
being piloted by a man in blue. . . Vi John-
son celebrated her seventeenth birthday with
a spaghetti supper—for girls only! . . . Annie
Louise Patterson and Janet Cox really met
the right people when they were in New
York the other week. They were some special
guests of Glenn Miller at the Cafe Ronee,
the informal ballroom of the Pennsylvania
hotel. And to the tune of \$5.00 for Glenn
Miller. How about them? . . . Members of
Playmasters are going to Chapel Hill the
first, second, and third of April to attend
the drama contest. . . . Peggy Yates is back
at school after nursing a couple of days of
poison oak—on her face at that. . . . Any-
body want to hire a maid? Lydia Sewell is
doing the learning how to cook in tea easy
lessons. . . . Everyone had a good time at the
Gub dance Friday night—but don't they
always? plus! . . . The Glenn Miller dance
was postponed till April 22. Ray Everly
will be there too, girls. . . . The tenth won-
der of the world—DeForrest Maness making
the honor roll. Why not the special, De?
Dorothy Scott and Dorothy Pierce are two
G. H. S. ladies of leisure. They spend two
hours every day making purty pictures for
Miss Lee. . . . The snow last Easter cer-
tainly gave the Junior Chamber of Com-
merce a headache. For awhile it looked as
if they would have to give refunds to all the
golf tournament ticket-holders. . . . Green-
sboro's postmaster who was serving as a
judge for the Greensboro-Winston-
Salem debates certainly felt "unccomfy" when
one of the victorious Winston-Salem debaters
aired his opinion of the post office system in
general. Ho-hum.
Jamie Fowler, member of the January
graduating class, is vacationing in the color-
ed gullies (Grand Canyon) of Colorado. . . .
Boys and theater managers should get to-
gether—the boys send the corsages—the
girls go to the show to display them—and
the theaters get the money. . . . Bill Stead-
man wins this week's vote for G. H. S.'s
most energetic student. Have you ever seen
him when he wasn't bubbling over? . . .
"Sid Weaver's" seems to be the gathering
place for all of G. H. S. plus a number of
the alumni of the past two years. If you
ever want to locate a lost friend, drop in
Sid's about 9:15, and presto, the mystery's
solved.

The American Way



QUILL AND SCROLL CONTEST ENTRIES

Baby Snooks Takes a Census of the Census-Taker Or I Just Swallowed a Canary Senior Smiles Are Different

By BARBARA BENTLEY

Chump Professor Quiz, the 1940 census-
taker, rings the bell of a little white house
late one afternoon, and is confronted by a
small piece of femininity.

"Good afternoon, young lady," he spon-
taneously begins. "May I speak to your
mother?"

"Why?" the child queries.

"I am a census-taker and—"

"What's a census-taker?"

"A person who goes from house-to-house,
knocking at doors—"

"A salesman?"

"No," sighs the weary man, "census-takers
count the people in the United States and
find out detailed information about each
person."

"How do you count the people?"

"We ask how many people live in each
house," he replies impatiently. "Will you
please call your mother?"

"Why do you want to count the people?"
inquired little Miss "Rattlebrain."

"Uncle Sam wants to know."

"My Uncle Sam?"

"Oh, never mind! Go call your mother."
"She ain't home."

"What? Well, is your father home?" he
asks hopefully.

"No, and he don't know how many people
live in the U. S. anyway."

"Well, is there anyone in this house who
can answer questions?"

"Only my uncle, but why ask him? You
said he's the one who wants to know!"

Smiles of the ordinary variety come in
colored bundles, but Senior smiles have a
color scheme of their own. They are very
rare and bud only in time of great emer-
gency. There are four varieties: the red, or
"I just swallowed a canary" smile; the blue
or "I am the aforementioned canary" smirk;
the black or the "I've been yipped sneer,"
and the rainbow or "Please elect me" grin.
The first is used by graduates who have
just received their "sheep skin," honor roll
students, and football players. The "diced"
canary grin is the property of the "May I
borrow your home work?", "I went to the
dance" addicts. Everybody's friend, the cam-
pus politician, possesses the "Hello fran"
teeth bared, and sole rights for the "I've
been yipped sneer," have been reserved by
the "Miss X doesn't like me" students.

Once in a while a bright, honest grin
creeps over someone's face and quivers there
like a beam of light. These smiles are the
products of surprise, forgetfulness, or love
and are used only by the ultra-innocent, such
as the freshmen. They are gay, enlightening,
and soak the receiver with a warm, friendly
feeling that spurs him upward. Such smiles
are not for Seniors, who have many burdens
and cannot waste time or energy on what
they consider the sickly smile of a silly
undergraduate.

The Art of Polishing—And Presenting Apples to Teachers

Comrades, the first step in "apples for the
teacher" is to go to a nearby grocery store
and pick out the most beautiful winesap you
can find. Then take it home and get out ye
old-e-lard bucket. Dab a bit of this precious
oil on the apple, and then secure a sterilized
white cloth. Rub the apple gently for—oh,
about three hours—anyhow until it looks
like a ball of fire.

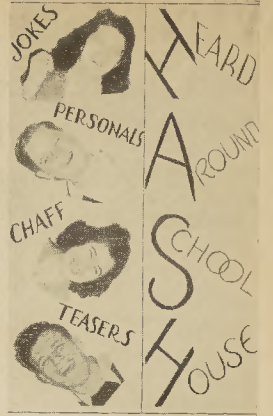
Upon entering the room of the "most be-
loved" teacher, take off your hat (of course
you are a boy), bow low, and say in a sweet
tone, "Good morning, dear teacher, I have
a surprise for you." Then you must draw
from behind you, that "Jewel" which will
bring the E's away—you hope. Give it to
her, and then sit down in pride, resting as-
sured that you will now pass solid geometry.



Open Query to Bill Brinkley

A prominent member of the Student coun-
cil has just informed ye scribe that the
complete idea of changing the constitution
and ridding G. H. S. of so many of the ob-
solete articles so long allowed to exist, can
be traced directly to your initiative and
effort. If this is true, the authors of this
column wish to take their hats off to you.
Is this information correct?

In response to the question, "IF DOUG-
LASS HUNT runs for president, as has been
rumored, will the present student govern-
ment administration support him?" HERR
LEE received this reply from the "adminis-
tration"—namely Jean McAllister: "I would
prefer to make no comment at this time
because I will have to study the situation
further in order to make a more intelligent
decision. In the past, it hasn't been cus-
tomary for the administration (or shouldn't
have been) to back anyone. You understand,
of course, that none of these remarks are
supposed to be taken as derogatory to Hunt
—one of the finest students and leaders G.
H. S. has ever had!"



APRIL stands for:
Umbrellas (you know, the thing Cham-
berlain carries), cotton frocks, music con-
test, and violets.

Golf tournament, Did you skip? Moser's wise, PINK slip!

INDIA GROOMING and GLENN JOHNSON
serenade their first period class every morn-
ing with a rare version of "Red River
Valley."

JOE McBANE has just found out that Mr.
Johnson's nickname, "Jabbo," means a lady's
lace collar.

Leap Year May Court
King—Yaconey (WALKER RUCKER re-
signed).

Led of Honor—Fred Bray.
Attendants—"Iab" McGenally,
"Boss" Petree,
Ralph Clemmons,
Fred Abernethy,
"Brother" Harvey,
Kenneth Knight,
Court Jester—Douglass Hunt,
May Pole Dancers—Tink club,
Minuet Dancers—Gub club.

A New Slant on Slang
TOM WILKERSON, just back from the
G. W. T. W. city, says that down Atlanta
way girls are called pinks and boys jellies.
Dumb girls are termed pink milkshakes and
"not-so-nice" boys are called buttermilk
jellies.

Nick Names Continued
Lib Bennette—"Goslie."
Carolyn Coker—"Caro."
Otis Brown—"Bunny."
Herman Brane—"Lucy."

What Compliments!!
Hann Tatum—"Your hair is sooo pretty;
just like a dog's."
Bill Wilson—"You look like a flower—
yeah, last night's gardenias."

Dream Gal, In the Dark, Come the Light, Mitz Madlark!

That was a nice Christmas Greensboro had
Easter—wasn't it?

Speaking of Easter, some boy (it may
have been the Easter bunny, Santa, or the
best bear) was mighty good to ye belles of
ole G. H. S. because a lot of them sported
corsages. Roses and gardenias predominated,
but a few lucky ones strutted jeep flowers
(orchids to you).

**ELEANOR WHITNEY and JEAN BRANT-
LEY** have justly been termed G. H. S.'s un-
official twins by **JIM MILES**.

Unit Test
Dem's de bunk
Oh, Yeah?
Didn't YOU flunk?

Miss Walker proved that she wasn't **JOE
WINNER'S** bon amie when she have him a
cake of it. What for? To wash windows, of
course!

That Clever Lad!!!
OSCAR PETERSE—Did you hear that
Henry Ford is going to run for president?
Yeah, they say he has the makings of a
Lincoln.

There was a hilarious uproar in Room
ten's English 6 class Monday morning when
ARTHUR BACHMAN, in giving the principal
parts of beat said, present tense, beat; past
tense, beat; past participle, bet!

To whom we are indebted for this bit of
poetry is still a mystery, but here 'tis:

TWO'S A CROWD
Before I heard the doctors tell 13
The dangers of a Kiss,
I had considered kissing you,
The nearest thing to bliss.
But now I know biology
And sit and sigh and moan—
Six million mad bacteria,
And I thought we were alone!

Get and preserve the history of
our school.

Hold individuals together under
high standards.

Separate the worthwhile from
the worthless and promote
the highest interest of stu-
dents, teachers, and school.

Black Shirt, Silver Shirt, or Plain American Work Shirt For 1940 Graduates?

America's future and its democracy lie in
the hands of its youth. Whether they handle
this frail thing delicately, intelligently, or
whether they misuse their rights, thereby
destroying unknowingly their precious heri-
tage, remains to be seen.

Oldsters raise fervent prayers for the
seemingly careless generations. They hope
that level heads will prevail over empty ones
to keep United States off the governmental
primrose path. Imperceptibly actions can
drift from unadulterated democracy into
forms of dictatorship. It is only a step thence
into absolute one-man power.

Will 1940's graduates adopt Peley's Silver
Shirts, and its un-American activities, Mus-
solini's Black Shirts, symbolic of a single
rule, or will they stick to plain American
work shirts, emblem of individualism and
freedom?

A. DUNSTAN.

School for Brides

Brides-to-be have no worries at all in
Japan, where preparatory courses not only
prepare Japanese maidens for careers, jobs,
or colleges, but also for the biggest thing in
any girl's life—home-making. Many of the
Japanese brides come from the Hanayome
Gakko, or brides' school, conducted by Mrs.
Toyo Honda in a dignified building on a
quiet street in a Tokio suburb.

Without making any sweeping changes or
advocating any radical innovations, **HERR
LEE** would like to suggest to thinking mem-
bers of the student body that a compulsory
home-making course, such as exists in the
home economics department, for all high
school girls would in the future be of in-
estimable value in the career most of them
will undoubtedly assume.

Paths to Beauty

It is becoming more and more evident—
this beautification of our school grounds. As
soon as the WPA work is completed on the
wooded lot behind the cafeteria, the nature
study class will plant wild flowers and na-
tive shrubs, bringing forth a spot of natural
beauty beside the little stream and rustic
bridge.

Other careful observations will show the
tulips and pansies, of last year's efforts,
peeping forth. Those who have worked so
hard on the attractiveness of G. H. S. earnestly
request that campus citizens themselves
give their undivided support by merely feast-
ing their eyes, not their feet, upon these
pleasant havens.

E. D. T.